



HIGHLAND COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County and District Officers:
Henry W. Holt, Judge of Circuit Court, Staunton, Va.
Terms of Court—4th Tuesday in April, 2d Tuesday July, 2d Tuesday October.
Andrew L. Jones, Commonwealth Attorney, Monterey, Va.
W. H. Matheny, Clerk, Monterey, Va.
W. N. Bird, Sheriff, Monterey, Va.
H. M. Slaven, Treasurer, Monterey, Va.
J. W. E. Lockridge, Commissioner of Revenue, Monterey, Va.
I. L. Beveridge, Co. Surveyor, Monterey, Va.
Walter Mullenax, Sept. of Poor, Crabbottom, Va.
R. E. Mauzy, Supt. of Schools, Hightown, Va.
John M. Colaw, Commissioner of accounts, Monterey, Va.

Blue Grass District
J. W. Levenor, Supervisor (Chm.), Hightown, Va.
Lee J. Wimer, Overseer of Poor, Crabbottom, Va.
Ben H. Colaw, Constable, Crabbottom, Va.
D. O. Bird, Justice, Valley Center, Va.
E. D. Swecker, Justice, Monterey, Va.
M. K. Simmons, Justice, Crabbottom, Va.

Monterey District
A. J. Terry, Supervisor, Trimble, Va.
Arthur Hevenor, Overseer of Poor, Monterey, Va.
J. H. Samples, Justice, Monterey, Va.
I. D. Gutschall, Justice, Vanderpool, Va.
J. H. Burns, Justice, Bolar, Va.

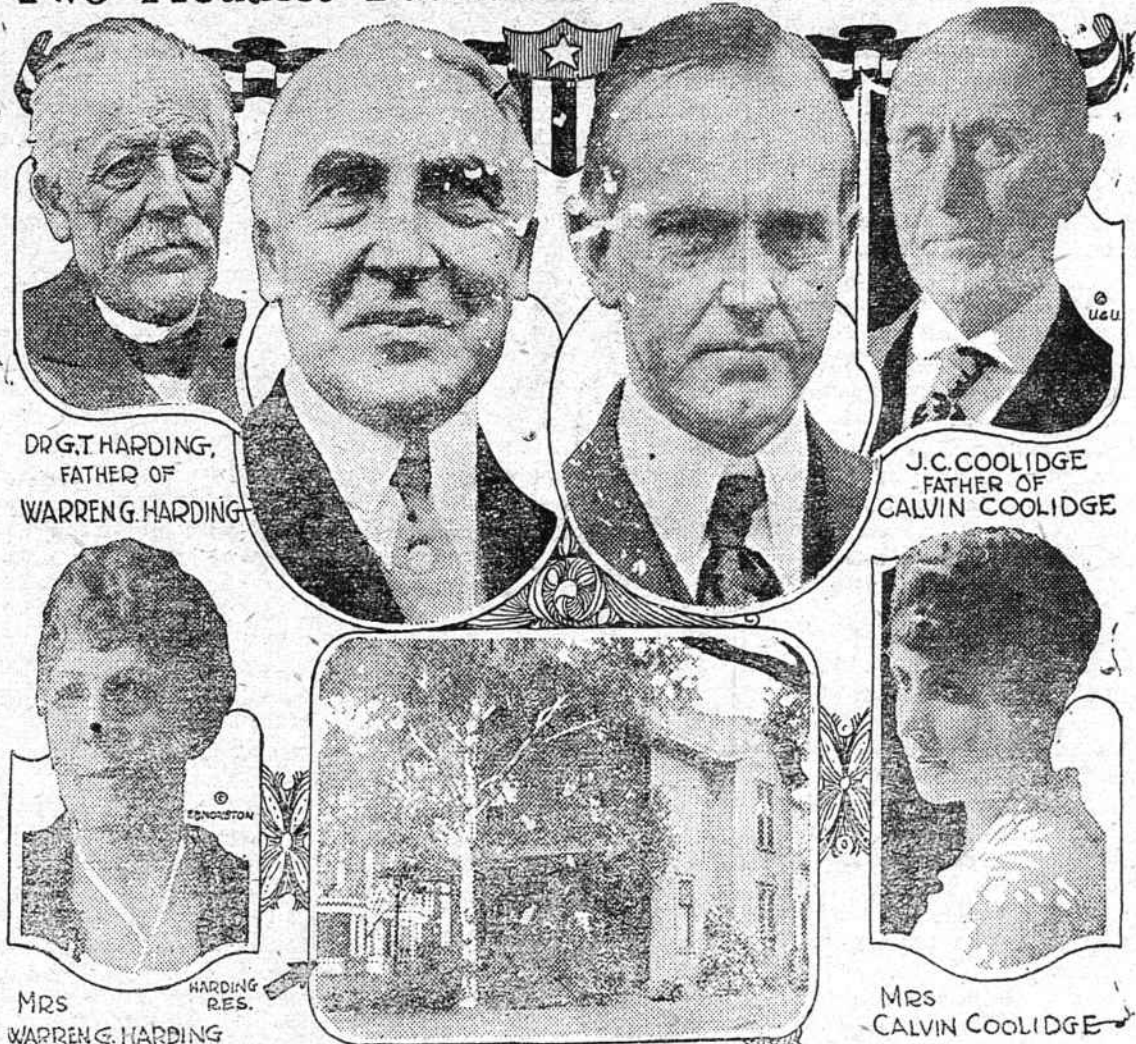
Stonewall District
J. H. Armstrong, Supervisor, McDowell, Va.
J. W. Simmons, Constable, Headwaters, Va.
Robert Shumate, Justice, McDowell, Va.
Lurty Armstrong, Overseer of Poor, Doe Hill, Va.
G. A. Propst, Justice, McDowell, Va.
L. M. Pope, Justice, Doe Hill, Va.

Rosy Cheeks & Satin Skin

Because of her rosy cheeks and satin skin a woman attracts the admiration of all men. When the young woman peers in her glass, she may see pimples and blotches and she immediately goes to the drug store for paint, powders and beauty creams, when she should go there for a blood medicine and stomach alternative known as "Golden Medical Discovery." This vegetable tonic and blood alternative clears the skin, beautifies it, increases the blood supply and the circulation, while pimples, boils and eruptions vanish quickly. Ask your nearest druggist for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablet or liquid form or send 16c. for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

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Two Proudest Daddies and Wives in the U. S.



DR. G. T. HARDING, FATHER OF WARREN G. HARDING
J. C. COOLIDGE, FATHER OF CALVIN COOLIDGE
MRS. WARREN G. HARDING
MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

New pictures of the Republican nominees taken since they were named to lead the ticket—and the proud "I told you so" group of daddies and wives of the two families. The picture of the house is where the Republican National Committee will conduct its campaign. It is the Christine residence at Marion, Ohio, next door to the home of Senator Harding.

The Susceptible Cow.

Two Chicago children were visiting their grandparents on a farm north-east of Munich. It was their first experience of the kind, and they were interested in everything they saw. The milking operation was especially absorbing. Hitherto their only knowledge of the origin of milk was that it came in bottles from the grocer's.

Discussing the milking a little later with his sister, Arthur, who is seven, concluded: "But I ain't got much respect. Hosen, for that cow that's as easy flattered as grandpa's cows are. Grandpa calls 'em 'Boss,' when they ain't boss at all, and that seems to tickle 'em so they give up all their milk, when if they had any sense they'd keep it for their own use."—Indianapolis News.

Peddlers of Parrots.

Novel to the eye of a stranger visiting Argentina is the parrot peddler, often seen on the streets of the towns, who carries his feathered stock-in-trade in cages, or sometimes perched on his head and shoulders.

That country, of course, is too far south to have native parrots, and most of the birds are imported from Brazil.

Argentina means "Silver," or "Land of Silver." Its principal river, and one of the greatest in the world, is called the River of Silver, "plata," being another word for the same metal. The names thus bestowed owe their origin to the fact that early explorers along the Rio de la Plata found much silver in use by the aborigines for personal ornament.—Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

STAYS WHERE LINCOLN PUT HIM 56 YEARS AGO



When George Evans, chief clerk in the Interior Department, was 14 years old he was a drummer boy with the Union Army at Gettysburg. President Abraham Lincoln visited camp, became interested in Evans and took him back to Washington—making him a messenger in the Interior Department. He has worked there ever since—56 years.

Letter From Canary Islands

We are glad to be able to publish the following interesting letter from one of our Monterey boys, Robert Matheny, a vice consul, now located at Tenerife, C. I.

It will be read with interest by his numerous friends and acquaintances. Highland feels proud of every one of her sons who make good.—Ed.

Santa Cruz
Teneriffe
Canary Islands

Dear Folks:
I should have written to you several days ago, but I have been busy and he sides I thought it wise to delay a few days until I got my bearings, and formed some conclusion regarding my present place of domicile. Besides I have so much of interest to write that I thought it best to write when I had plenty of time and would be free from interruption.

I suppose I had best start where I left off—at Lisbon. We were there for six long days it was very hot and dirty and the orders were not of a nature likely to please one with a delicate and particular sense of smell. However there were some pretty places in and about town and one could spend a day or so there very profitably.

I did not do much sight seeing myself, but left it to those on board who were making the trip merely as a pleasure cruise and had the money to hire cars and employ guides. I went, however, to see the Cathedral de St. Vincente, where they had several of the members of the royal family "pickled." I saw several specimens and noted with interest the king and his son who were assassinated in Lisbon a few years ago. The inside of the church was finished in mosaic work and certainly was very pleasing to gaze upon. The church was eight hundred years old but it looked much newer and cleaner than buildings erected in London within the past generation.

One afternoon some of us chartered a row boat and went across the river. I must say that the city looked very pretty when you got out of smelling distance. It is built on eleven hills and reminds me very much of Lynchburg, except that there are a few more than eleven hills in Lynchburg. I believe that I mentioned that there was to be a bull fight there on Saturday after we arrived. As a matter of fact it was held on Sunday as usual so I did not go. It was advertised as a "Comic Bull Fight" which means that the bull is not killed, merely tortured until too weak to fight any more. Then it is driven out and a fresh one brought in. However it was not so comic after all as one man was killed by a bull.

Well, the lazy Portuguese dock laborers finally got our cargo unloaded and we left about noon. I think Lisbon looked much more attractive as we moved from sight down the Tagus. We ran into rough weather before dinner that night and certain members of the fair sex made themselves conspicuous by their absence. Their number was increased by breakfast and quite a number of men joined their ranks. I was beginning to think that there would be no one left but the crew, the ships cat and myself.

The rough weather continued until we ran into Madeira. We could not go alongside here as the water was too shallow, and the passengers had to land in small boats. I did not go ashore as I had a bad fall and hurt my knee. Besides I learned by bitter experience that places Portuguese were much better when looked at from a distance, and Madeira from the ship was a very pretty sight. The hills begin right from the water's edge and go straight up. The hillside is very prettily terraced and you see the houses one right above the other.

We had not been very long out till the native boys came out in their boats to dive for pennies. I never saw anything like it. Toss a penny in the water and under they would go, and they would bring it up every time. Sometimes even, they would have them between their toes. One little boy about nine or ten years of age climbed right up on top of the ship into the captain's bridge and dived off. Another dived under one side of the ship and came out at the other side. Then three of them turned their boat upside down on top of them and sang songs underneath.

Several passengers went in bathing from the ship. Among them a lady whom we boys had called the Queen of Sheba, because she was such a horrible looking person, and because she persisted in dressing in the brightest colors imaginable. She came out on deck in a bathing costume that beat Jacob's coat all hollow as far as colors were concerned, and sticking up from her yellow bathing cap she proudly wore a silver star. I don't know what she thought she was. But to cut a long story short, she went in. She seemed very happy for a few minutes until she let out a whoop that fairly shook the ship. A jelly fish, not being particular, had hooked its tentacles right around her arm and was holding on for all it was worth. One of the diving boys went to her rescue and towed her in. Believe me she was one dejected looking mortal as she stood there on deck with her silver star dangling over one eye.

We were supposed to be at Madeira one day but we happened to hit a week that had nine Sundays instead of seven, so we could not get our cargo off. During these days we were seized by boat loads of wicker chairs and baskets, and embroidery. As you know Madeira is famous for its wicker chairs. I could have bought enough for all the verandas in Monterey for a few pounds. But the Captain had had experience with these chairs before and he asked the shipping company to impose a tariff of one pound on each piece of wicker work. He said that one time he made the trip and by the time the passengers had finished buying chairs he had to throw the cargo overboard in order to make room for them.

We ran into Las Palmas, Grand Canaria, about midnight two days after we left Funchal. Everything looked very parched and dry here. Near the town there were great piles of sand which has been blown all the way from Sahara Desert. We left Las Palmas at midnight and arrived at Santa Cruz at day break.

I had my breakfast and was getting ready to leave the boat when Mr. Henry came to meet me. He said that

my trunk was sent to the hotel, then took me around and introduced me to the British Consul and his clerk. He then came with me to the hotel and introduced me to the owner, Mr. Olsen. Mr. Olsen is a Swedish gentleman and speaks English perfectly. There are quite a number of English people stopping at the hotel and the waiters speak English very well. I have a beautiful room on the second floor. It is as large as any we have at home and the ceiling is "about twice as high, as are all ceilings here. It has an enormous French window which opens on a little balcony. When the windows are open it is just like taking out one side of the room. I can get an excellent view of the ocean from anywhere in my room and can get a good view of the mountains too. The bed is a double one, and very comfortable with posts projecting up from each corner, over which netting is draped. We have quite a number of pictures on here and the flies are very pleasant. The meals are excellent and consist of at least five courses. It is going to cost me considerably less than I had to pay in London, and I am certainly much more pleasantly and comfortably situated than I ever was in the hotel or boarding house in London.

The office is just about four minutes walk from the hotel. I was very much surprised when I saw what a nice place we had for an office. We have the whole building. The upstairs is not used as an office but there is some furniture there. Mr. Stiles and his family lived there when he was consul here, but Mr. Henry is not married.

We have been very busy since I arrived. I have been cleaning up things, arranging files and putting everything in order. Besides Mr. Henry and myself there is a Spanish clerk and a messenger. The clerk is leaving at the end of this month. Mr. Henry is going to England during August and September, the hot period here and I am expected to know enough Spanish to carry on by that time without the assistance of an interpreter. I guess I have quite a little job cut out for me. Any way I am gaining a little self confidence and I will either make it or bust it, I am arranging to take four Spanish lessons per week beginning on Monday, and of course I will put in a lot of extra time besides.

Mr. Henry advises me to join a British Club here as all the nice people are members and the tariff is quite reasonable. However, I have not yet decided to do this as I want to find out just how much things are going to cost here. I think, however, that I will be able to join. Of course I will have to buy my whites within a month as it will begin to get hot then. The weather has been absolutely delightful so far.

Yesterday Mr. Henry took me to his hotel for tea. It is up on the side of the mountain. The tea was not as good as the tea I have been accustomed to, but I saw one of the prettiest gardens I have ever seen. When I say garden I don't mean onions and things. There was eight acres of this. The walks were all around the eight acres and cut across in several places and each side of the walk roses, sweet peas, and the most gorgeous lilies I have ever seen. There were lots of flowers new to me. Then within the walks it was just one bed after another—some round some square, triangle and all shapes. Then there were orange trees, banana trees, palm trees of all description and sizes, and the famous dragon tree. Every once in a while there was a fountain with big geese or ducks, and marble statues and everything.

We took a long walk up on the mountain. There are no trees or scarcely any vegetation except cactus and poppies. The hillsides are dotted with tanks and reservoirs, as water must be stored up during the rainy months (January and February) for irrigation purposes during the rest of the year.

Bananas are the chief source of income here, and they have a very delicious flavor. I eat about four every meal time. We examined the cactus for cochineal which is another export. It is a sort of fungus or a very low order of animal life, which sticks on to the cactus plant and which is crushed up and exported for manufacture into dye.

Right next to the office is the English Church. It is closed at the present time as a preacher is sent here on duty during the winter when there are quite a few more English people here. The church yard is absolutely beautiful. There are whole trees of some purple flower which resembles a lily, and the lilies are much prettier. Right next to the hotel is a larger square which is also beautiful, in other words I am surrounded by lilies and am very comfortable, like my new bed, feel just grand and have everything I could wish for except a family.

Now I have put down everything I can think of at present. Of course other things will suggest themselves from time to time. I am going to write you more often now and try to make my letters as interesting as possible.

HUNTING THE SPERM WHALE

One Taken Off West Coast of Scotland
Realized Five Thousand Dollars
for Its Captors.

A graphic account of the hunting and killing of a sperm whale is told by one who took part in it. Starting from the west coast of Scotland the whaler made for Rockall, a lonely granite pinnacle that juts out of the Atlantic about two hundred miles west of the Outer Hebrides. Why the whales go there is a mystery, but in early summer schools of them may be found in the neighborhood. The lookout soon spies a "blow," that is the fountain ejected by the whale as it rises to the surface to breathe. Away goes the whaler in pursuit. After some tense maneuvering the whaler gets into suitable position, the skipper takes aim, fires his harpoon gun and a harpoon is embedded in the monster's body. The whale disappears taking yards of hemp line with him. Presently he rises to blow again, and immediately a second harpoon is fired at him and he goes down with yards of cable rattling overhead. About fifty minutes later he floats on the surface of the water, quite dead.

Immediately the sailors fall upon him. Air is pumped into the carcass to make it buoyant, his flukes are trimmed off, so that he will float in tow, and the whaler makes for Scotland again, with a host of screaming birds in her rear. This particular whale realized five thousand dollars. It was a full-grown sperm, about sixty feet long.

SLIPS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

Humorous to Record, but Detract Little From the Stories as They Are Read.

The British minister of education points out some mistakes that he has come across in books. One of them runs through "Ivanhoe," where the Normans and Saxons are represented as two distinct races. The fact is that at the time with which the story deals marriage between the two races had gone so far that Norman could hardly be told from Saxon; but Sir Walter Scott did not realize this until the story was set up in type, and so the famous novel appears with this blunder right through it. Another mistake was made by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who in one of her books made two people take chairs in Kensington gardens in the first week in October, though all chairs are removed from the gardens on September 30. Charles Kingsley makes John "Brumblow" recite a prayer from the prayer book long before the time the prayer was put in; the poet Pope makes a wessel eat corn, which a wessel never does; and likewise in "Don Quixote" the merry Cervantes makes one of his parties at a tavern eat two suppers in one night. The life of a novelist is full of trouble, but such little things do not seem to matter greatly. We would rather have the stories with all their mistakes than have the dull facts without the stories.

Told of the Famous.

In his book, "The End of the Chapter," Mr. Shaw Leslie tells the following story:

"My grandfather witnessed an effective piece of play in the house of commons during a duel between Disraeli and Gladstone. During a heated flight of oratory Gladstone upset some pens on the table between them. Disraeli rose, and after calling attention to the fact, slowly replaced them one by one. The effect of Gladstone's speech was lost by the time Disraeli had finished."

Speaking of Dickens and Thackeray, Mr. Leslie says:

"My grandmother recalled the ludicrous incident which brought them together. As they both left the Athenaeum, unknown to each other they seized the same hat. The effect was ludicrous enough to appeal even to professional humorists, and they shook hands."

Don't Try to Remove Freckles.

Freckles can be removed, but, as the Journal of the American Medical Association says, "the effect is only temporary at best, and usually not worth the irritation and effort that it costs."

The method is to apply solutions of mercuric chloride in a strength of from 0.5 to 1 per cent, strictly under medical supervision, for if one tries to do it oneself he is likely to make a nasty mess of her face. These solutions produce an inflammation of the skin which ends in the outer skin peeling off, bringing the freckles with it.

The Journal of the American Medical Association says that the prescription written by Hebra, and recommended particularly for the removal of freckles, will not do the trick.

Wise women let their freckles alone.

Polishing Mirrors.

In cleaning mirrors and pictures great care must be taken that no water seep under the glass. Water will ruin the back of a mirror and blister the picture.

Perhaps the safest way to polish and clean these glasses is to use a damp chamois skin.AVING the chamois as dry as possible out of warm water, rub the glass until perfectly clean and dry the chamois in clean water and again wring dry. Rub the glass the second time and polish with a paper if necessary, but it won't be. This way of cleaning mirrors and pictures does not endanger the frame in any way and is very satisfactory.

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PALAIS ROYAL
The House of Fashion."

LIVER DIDN'T ACT
DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak... I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few doses of Black-Draught."

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